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The Lone Ranger

and the **KILLER HOOD GANG**







BOTH THE LONE RANGER AND THE GIRL
ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE STREAM!



LIVE RIVER WIDENS AND THE FAST
CURRENT SWEEPS THE LONE RANGER AND
HIS UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN DOWNSTREAM.

THERE'S ONE CHANCE BEFORE HIM
TO REACH FALLS.



DEATH ON JARRED ROCKS
BENEATH THE FALLS
SEEMS IMMINENT.



THERE'S NO PULSE! HER
HEART HAS STOPPED.

GIRL DEAD.



THIS METHOD OF WORKING THE LUNGS
SOMETIMES RESTORES PEOPLE WHO
HAVE DROWNED.



HER EYELIDS
MOVE!

SHE'S GOING TO LIVE!

AFTER AN ENDLESS TIME.













PAK, LACEY! WHERE'S
HOOD HOLDING THE GIRL?



LACEY
REACHES
FOR HIS KNIFE

YOU ASKED FOR THIS, LACEY!



LE-LET ME--ALONE, I'LL TELL
WHERE THE GIRL IS... AN' I'LL HOPE
YUH SO THING! YU'LL BOTH
BE KILLED IF YUH DO!



YOU SAY THIS FRIEND
OF YOURS IS THE
LONE RANGER?



THAT RIGHT,
LACEY CROOK,
LACEY FRIEND
OF HOOD.

LACEY, I KNOW THE TRUTH!
THAT MAN'S THE LONE
RANGER.



HOOD HAS A CAVE
THAT HE USES AS
A HIDE-OUT. HE
HAS LL.S.H. THERE.



AN' YOU CAN'T
DO A THING ABOUT
IT. PORTER MAKE
A MOVE TO ATTACK,
AN' YOUR DAUGHTER
WILL BE KILLED.

HE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T
DO ANYTHING BUT TRY
WHATEVER HOOD
WANTS. SIGN MY
CLAIM OVER TO
HIM.



WAIT UNTIL HE
TELLS YOU WHAT
TO DO, PORTER.
THEN I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT TO DO.



PORTER WILL PAY
UP TO GET HIS
GIRL BACK
ALIVE.



GOOD, WE'LL SEND
WORD TO HIM, TELL-
ING HIM TO SIGN OVER
HIS GOLD MINE AND
SEND LACEY OUT
WITH THE PAPERS.

HOOD'S MAN SEES THE LIGHT IN
PORTER'S WINDOW.









IF LACLY ISN'T ALMOST AT THE HANGOUT
OF THE KIDNAPERS, BY THIS TIME, HE'LL
BE TOO LATE.



KILLER HOOB'S HEADQUARTERS.



DOWN,
TONTON!









READY NOW, TONTO. YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT FAST OR YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE TO SHOOT!



TONTO SEE BLANKET ROLL IN CAVE!

IF YOU MISS THE FIRST SHOT, YOU'LL HAVE NO CHANCE FOR THE SECOND. THEY'LL FIRE AS SOON AS WE STRIKE A LIGHT!



THERE'S A LIGHT! FIRE ON IT!



THE LIGHT... IT'S COMIN' AT US!

SHOOT SOME MORE! BIT WHOEVER HOLDS IT!



MYSTERIOUS LIGHT SEEMS TO BURST AND FILL THE CAVE.



TONTO'S FIRE ARROW SETS THE OIL-SOAKED BLANKETS ON FIRE.



THE LONE RANGER! HE'S ALIVE!

THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN!



HOOD'S MEN ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE --



NOW YOU UNDERSTAND, LACEY, WHY TONTO KNOCKED YOU OUT! WE PUT A CAN OF COAL OIL IN YOUR BLANKET ROLL.

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE FLAMES!











The Lone Ranger

AND THE MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

OLD HERMIT JOE LIVES ALONE
BESIDE A STREAM AND SLEEPS
WITHOUT SUSPECTING THAT...



"MURDER" STALKS IN THE NIGHT!



THAT DOES IT! AN' NOT
A SOUND OUT O' HIM!



HI, THAR, SHERIFF! COME OUT HERE
AN' BEND YER EAR! I GOT A BAD
HUNCH AN' I DON'T
LIKE IT!



MUSTANG MAD!
BY THUNDER!
YOU'RE GOOD FOR
SORE EYES!



IT'S SURE GOOD
TO SEE YOU,
MUSTANG MAD!
YOU DON'T GET
TO TOWN
OFTEN!



OFTEN ENOUGH
FOR ME! BUT
I AIN'T HERE,
BECAUSE I WANT
TUH BE! I'M ON
MY WAY TO HERMIT
JOE'S AN' YOU
BETTER COME
ALONG!



THE FIRST OF EACH
MONTH I HAVE TUH PAY
INTEREST ON MY MORT-
GAGE! THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME IN YEARS HE DIDN'T
COME TO COLLECT!...



SOMETHIN'S
WRONG!

MAD'S GOT A HUNCH
THERE'S SOMETHIN'
WRONG AT HERMIT
JOE'S! I'M RIDIN'
THERE WITH HER!



BAH! WHY
OYA LET AN
OLD WOMAN'S
HUNCH TAKE YA
ON A WILD GOOSE
CHASE, SHERIFF?



WHAT'S
THAT?











WE'LL GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE WE HAVE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS/COME ON, SILVER!

WAIT FOR ME! I'M A-SCAM, TOO!



IF WE CO ONLY GET MISSOURI! I REMEMBER WHERE HE WAS LAST NIGHT!

WE'LL TALK TO HIM WHILE THE SHERIFF'S AWAY!



YOU MAKE THE PLANS, DEPUTY. AN ANGRY SHERIFF WILL TAKE ORDERS!

GOOD! NOW HERE'S THE SET UP! MISSOURI'S IN JAIL FOR JOE'S MURDER. JUST AS WE PLANNED! HE CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT LAST NIGHT!



HE'S PRACTICALLY CONFESSED TO THE MURDER, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON A TRIAL! HE'S GOT TOO MANY GOOD FRIENDS AROUND TOWN!



THE SHERIFF'S OUT O' TOWN! I COULDN'T PUT UP MUCH RESISTANCE AGAINST A RECKLESS PARTY!!



O' YOU BOYS GOT THE IDEA?

SURE! WE'LL GET A LUNCH AND STARTED TO IT AWAY!



HEY, DEPUTY! I GOTTA TALK TEN YUH!

IT WON'T BE HARD!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MISSOURI?

I JUST REMEMBERED THAT KIDDE O' MINE THAT KILT OLD JOE. I LOST IT A WEEK AGO! I DIDN'T HAVE IT LAST NIGHT!



THAT'S A GOOD STORY. USE IT AT YER TRIAL. IF YOU GET TEN YUH REAL I DON'T THINK TH' MEN IN TOWN WILL LET YUH!

DEPUTY! YUH CAN'T REAN... TH' THEY'LL LYNCH ME!



DON'T LET 'EM LYNCH ME, DEPUTY! I NEVER MEANT TO HURT NO ONE! DON'T LET 'EM HANG ME!

I'LL DO MY BEST, MISSOURI.



...BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH ONE MAN CAN DO AGAINST A MOB DETERMINED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!







LEAVING THROUGH THERE! WHERE'S MY DEPUTY?

HE'S INSIDE THE OFFICE!



WHERE'S THE PRISONER IF THEY GOT HIM TO LUNCH NOW, I'LL...

CALM DOWN, SHERIFF! MISSOURI AM HERE... HIS FALL IN CRIME JUST RESCUED HIM!



SO MISSOURI AND FALS ON THE OUTSIDE SH-

RIGHT SHERIFF! WE'D BETTER FORM A posse AND START THE MARCH!



MISSOURI NEVER STRUCK ME AS BEING A KILLER! THREE NEW PAIRS OF HIS MUST'VE PUT WRONG IDEAS INTO HIS HEAD! I WANT THEM MORE! I WANT POOR OLD MISSOURI!



THEY'RE SWARMING IN NUMBERS ON THE POSSE, SHORTY! THINK WE SHOULD JOIN UP!

WHY THE DEVIL'LL TELL US WHAT! IF THEY DON'T FIND MISSOURI, WE'RE IN NO DANGER AT ALL! IF HE GOES ON TRIAL... HE MIGHT BE FOUND INNOCENT!



NOW, MISSOURI, DON'T YOU GO TO PRISON! YOU GOTTA HELP US SAVE YOU!

I KNOW! I DON'T KILL THE HERMIT!

IN SOME WAY, SOMEBODY PUT YOUR TRACKS OUTSIDE OF JOE'S AND NOW YOUR SHORT!



FOUND! I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT LAST NIGHT! NOT A DOODLED THING!



THINK HARD, MISSOURI! TELL US EVERYTHING YOU DID LAST NIGHT!

WELL-I WENT TO THE CAFE IN TOWN-



DID YOU SPEAK TO ANYONE IN THE CAFE?

SURE, I DID! LOTS OF THE BOYS WAS IN THERE!



DID ANYONE BUY YOU A DRINK?

I'M TRYIN' FUN RECOLLECT-I DID HAVE A DRINK!



BUT ONLY ONE! THE SHERIFF BOUGHT IT FOR ME!

THE SHERIFF!













SHORTY! GAD-DA! IT ALL, I'D
O' BN UNCHAINED IF THE LONE
RANGER HADNT TOOK ME
OUT'N YORE JAIL!

WHAT ABOUT
THE WAY YOU
ABDUCTED
THE
BARTENDER?

AM I TO HAVE
A CHANCE TO
TALK NOW?



GO
AHEAD!

MISSOURI HAD ONE DRINK
LAST NIGHT, THEN HE FELL
ASLEEP! IN THE MORNING
THE HERMIT WAS DEAD—
MISSOURI'S KNIFE AND
FOOTPRINTS WERE AT THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME!



BUT MISSOURI WAS NOT THERE
THE MAN WHO STOLE THE
HERMIT'S GOLD FRAMED
POOR OLD MISSOURI!!
NOW I'LL PROVE IT!



HOW CAN YOU
PROVE MIS-
SOURI DIDNT
KILL THE
HERMIT?

THE BARTENDER SAID
A NEW DEPUTY HERMIT
BOUGHT A DRINK FOR
MISSOURI! IT WAS
DRUMMED!



SO THAT'S IT! NO
WONDER I GOT
SUSPECTED! NEVER
WAS AFFECTED
LIKE THAT
BEFORE!

SOMEONE
STOLE
MISSOURI'S
SHOES!



IT'S ALREADY
LOST MY KEYS—
PROBABLY
STOLEN A FEW
DAYS AGO!

A FEW MINUTES AGO
I CAME HERE AND
SHOT OUT THE LIGHT!
THEN I RELEASED
YOUR DEPUTY!



HE DIDNT KNOW WHO KEELED
WHAT I TOLD HIM THE BAR-
TENDER HAD T. L. LADDER
LEFT HERE IN A HURRY!
NOW LET'S SEE WHERE
HE WENT!



SHORTY! SOMEONE
JUST RODE UP HERE
WHO IS IT?

RIGHT!



WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'
HERE, DEPUTY? I
THOUGHT YOU DIDNT
WANT US SEEN
TOGETHER?

SHORTY—
SHE...
WE GOT
TA WORK
FAST!



Bear Evidence



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"Tiny", Burns stared, frozen with horror. His Uncle Fred and Chet Boyliss stood chin to chin, pale with fury and gripping their hunting rifles.

"You're a liar!" roared Uncle Fred. "MY bullet killed that buck, last fall . . . Yours hit him in the haunch—"

"— YOU KNOW that ain't so, Fred Burns!" Chet yelled. "It was the other way 'round . . . Furthermore, NO MAN LIVIN' can call me a liar and—"

"—and WHAT?" gritted Uncle Fred, jerking up his rifle so that its muzzle poked Chet under the chops.

Tiny's heart seemed to stop. In a few seconds, he knew, there'd be murder. And no one but a fourteen-year-old kid to prevent it!

Then—something snapped in Tiny's brain. In the same split instant he dived at the legs of the two men. His overgrown, 200 lb. body carried them

both with him—over the lip of the mountain pool.

Cold—the icy cold of melted snow—gripped all three of them. The pool was only four feet deep, but it did the trick. Uncle Fred and Chet Boyliss scrambled out minus their guns, and with no more fight left in them than in a couple of drenched cats.

Tiny stayed in that bowl of ice water long enough to bring up the two rifles. His lips were blue, as he handed the weapons back. And now, reaction from his fright filled the kid with sudden rage.

"Take 'em, you punkin-headed fools!" he squalled in a voice that hadn't quite changed yet. "Take 'em and go home! And if you're still hankering for a fight, just tell your women-folks about this. THEY'LL accommodate you! They'll make your eers ring

for a month of Sundays."

Uncle Fred powed the water off his chin, but he couldn't hide the sheepish grin that spread over his features.

"Nobody since the Year One," he declared, "ever said a truer word than that, Tiny."

He turned to Chet Boyliss with his hand outstretched.

"I'm a liar and you're right, Chet," he said. "Will you shake the hand of a triple-distilled idiot?"

"How!" remarked Boyliss. "I'd be a worse idiot if I didn't, Fred. Maybe I am anyway. Only man with brains is your nephew. If Tiny insists on our going home, I won't kick. But I DID hope to get me a fat bear this season."

Tiny had got over his "mad." He was shivering as he wrung out his woolen shirt.

"Aww, we c-can't g-go home now," he chattered. "How'd we exploin our clothes being soaked? Anyhow, I want to get me a bear this hunting season, too."

Chet Boyliss squinted up at the warm October sun.

"Our clothes will dry, walking," he stated. "I'm heading for the other side of Bald Mountain..."

"And we'll be hunting on the back side of the Giant," Uncle Fred responded. "So long, Chet—and good luck!"

* * * * *

Two hours later, Tiny Burris and his uncle crossed the brook that ran between "Giant" and "Baldy." Above them towered the granite ledges, masked with aspens and undergrowth, where the black bears liked to sun themselves. Fat and lazy, they were only waiting for the winter snows before they "dennded up."

Abruptly Uncle Fred raised his rifle. As Tiny's glance followed its direction, a bush stirred violently, on the NEAR side of the dark blotch that was a bear!

"Don't—I" gasped Tiny.

As he spoke, the rifle creaked. A human figure, just rising beyond the bush, pitched down out of sight. The bear bounced, rolled, and dived into the brush.

"My Lord!" said Uncle Fred, with a





queer, choking sob. "That was CHET BAYLISS!"

The next moment he and Tiny were racing up the broken slope, reckless of pitfalls . . . They found Chet unconscious beside the ledge he had been climbing. Uncle Fred's soft-nosed bullet had chipped the bone at the top of his right shoulder—a stunning blow, but not deadly. The real agony was Uncle Fred's.

"Chet'll never believe I didn't mean to shoot him," he moaned.

"Yes, he will!" cried Tiny, with sudden inspiration. "You wait!"

Gripping his rifle till his fingers bruised, Tiny Burris plunged into the bushes. As he had expected, he found blood. Partly flattened by Chet's shoulder bone, Uncle Fred's slug had gashed the bear's thick layer of hide and fat—enough to bleed him.

But a wounded bear is the trickiest, and the most savage of all brutes—especially in thick brush. When, five minutes later, this one charged, Tiny

wasn't surprised. There simply wasn't time to fire more than one shot.

And then the kid was down on his back, with yellow fangs ripping at his shoulder—at his throat! He screamed—not knowing what else to do. He yelled and yelled . . . and the bear stopped chewing him. He had heard something else.

A gunshot blasted, almost in Tiny's ear. The bear rolled over, grunting. A big man in a forest green uniform knelt to examine Tiny's wounds.

But Tiny pushed the game warden aside. With his hunting knife he dug into the dead bear. In a few more moments, he held up a misshapen chunk of lead.

"It's Uncle Fred's bullet!" he exclaimed. "See, Mister—there's the X mark on the butt-end of it. Uncle Fred always loads his own shells, and he always marks the bullets like that . . . Now Chet Bayliss will know for sure that Uncle Fred shot at the bear—and not at him!"



Illustration by
BENJAMIN T. LEE

FEELING RICH WITH THEIR NEW WEAPONS AND
PONY, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK DREAM
OF A PROUD RETURN TO THEIR PEOPLE.



BUT A SALT-HUNGRY PORCUPINE
THREATENS UNDERMED OF TROUBLE!



A TRACE OF SALT ON THE PONY'S ZWINDLE TETHER
INTERS THE PORCUPINE'S SHARP TEETH.



MEDICINE
HORSE...

HE
IS RUNNING
AWAY!

MEDICINE HORSE! STOP!
COME BACK!

VOW -
HOW-HOW!

YID
KAP!



BY SUNUP THE BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY - TOWARD THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY HOPE THEIR PEOPLE ARE CAPED.



HUNGRY AND THIRSTY THEY CAME AT EVENING TO A RIDE, SLOW-MOVING RIVER.



THAT NIGHT, WHILE YOUNG HAWK
AND LITTLE BUCK SLEEP,



"A HERD OF BUFFALO MOVE DOWN THE RIVER."

THERE IS MEAT,
YOUNG HAWK! MEAT FOR
THE REST OF OUR JOURNEY!

SHHH! NOT
THOSE BIG SKULLS!
LITTLE BUCK...
THEY WOULD
TRAMPLE US!



WHAT IS IT, YOUNG HAWK?

SIUX
HUNTERS-
ENEMIES!

BUT THEY
HAVEN'T
SEEN US,
YET!



IN THE FIERCE EXCITEMENT
OF THE HUNT, NOT ONE SIOUX
SPARES A GLANCE AT THE
BOYS' HIDING PLACE.





SUDDENLY A HUGE BEAR,
MAD WITH RAIN, PLUNGES INTO THE RIVER.



HE'S SWIMMING
STRAIGHT TOWARD
US, YOUNG HAWK!

TAKE THUNDERBOLT TO
THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE ISLAND—QUICK!
AND DON'T LET HIM
BARK!

GRR—
HUFF!



READY FOR THE WORST,
TO ESCAPE THE BRUTE'S

YOUNG HAWK HOPES
NOTICE.

BRAWHH!!



UURUHH..

**BUT A GUST IN THE
BREEZE BRINGS THE
HATED NUN-H SCENT!**



**WITH A PRAYER TO THE
GREAT SPIRIT, YOUNG
HAWK LETS FLY.**



**ONE NEEDLE-SHARP HORN BARELY
MISSES ITS THRUST.**

UURUHH!

**SUDDENLY THE BULL'S FORELEGS BUCKLE -
THE GREAT BODY CRASHES DOWN.**



**MY ARROW REACHED HIS HEART!
THE GREAT SPIRIT HEARD ME ...**



**THE SIOUX! THEY ARE
CROSSING TO THE ISLAND!**



**BUT SHOUTS FROM THE SHORE
THREATEN MORE DEADLY DANGER.**

**YOUNG HAWK!!
[I THOUGHT YOU
WERE DEAD]
THE BULL ...**



**WE'LL BOTH
BE DEAD IF
THE SIOUX
CATCHES HERE.**

**INTO THE REEDS ... AND LIE
DOWN - EVERYTHING BUT YOUR
NOSE UNDER WATER!**



**I KNEW MY ARROW
HAD KILLED HIM.
RUNNING WOLF!**



**I SEE TWO
ARROWS, WHITE
EAGLE!**

**THIS IS AN ARROW OF
THE OGALALA
SIOUX!**



**THEN IT WAS
FIRED BY AN
ENEMY, AN OGALALA
WOLF HAD SHOWN
HIMSELF!!**

THE ENEMY MUST BE ALONE -- HE HAS PROBABLY SWUM
OR HIS ARROWS WOULD HAVE FOUND US BY NOW!
THE RIVER -- BUT
WE MUST MAKE SURE!



BIG TRACK -- LITTLE TRACK -- DOG TRACK!
THE HUNTER HAD HIS SQUAW OR SMALL BOY
WITH HIM!



WE WILL MAKE
SURE THEY ARE
NOT HIDING IN
THE REEDS!

WHITE EAGLE
THINKS THEY
HAVE SWUM
AWAY!



I TOLD YOU THEY
HAD GONE,
RUNNING WOLF --
NOW WE CAN
SAFELY TAKE
OUR MEAT.

WE WILL TAKE
ONLY THE HUMP AND
TOMMIE -- THEY
WILL BE HEAVY
ENOUGH TO
SWIM WITH!

TWENTY FEET AWAY ONLY TUMBLE --
NEED DAGES TO BREATHE -- . . .

ARE YOU SURE THEY'VE
GONE, YOUNG HAWK?

I HEAR TWO MEN
SWIMMING -- WE
ARE SAFE NOW.



WE'LL HAVE ALL THE BUFFALO STEAK WE
CAN HOLD, TUMBLE NEED! HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT?



UR-HUFF!

WAR CLUBS AND TOMAHAWKS

ONE OF THE EARLIEST WEAPONS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN WAS THE WAR CLUB — A CLUB WITH A BALL-SHAPED END TO WHICH WAS SOMETIMES ADDED A SPIKE OF DEER ANTLER, STONE, AND LATER, METAL.



STEEL TOMAHAWKS AND TOMAHAWK PIPES WERE MADE BY THE WHITES FOR THE INDIAN TRADE. THEY WERE NOT USED AS WEAPONS, HOWEVER, BUT MERELY TO CHOP WOOD. SOME (HAVING HOLLOW HANDLES AND A BUILT-IN PIPE) COULD ALSO BE SMOKED — STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR FRONTIERSMEN.

LACROSSE, USING STICKS OF VARYING SHAPES AND SIZES AND A DEERSKIN BALL OR WOOD KNOT, WAS PLAYED BY MANY TRIBES ACROSS THE COUNTRY--



LACROSSE
STICKS

AND IT WAS PLENTY ROUGH.



Gerardo—An Apache Chief